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I WANT TO BE AN ACTOR.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

I WANT to be an actor—I know I'd do it well:
Portray the funny fellow, or him beneath the spell
Of counterfeited sorrow. Lo, behold my form and face!
Is not the latter handsome, say? isn't the former full of grace?
I've seen the actors often—the chief in all the roll,
And know their play of action, also their play of soul.
Ned Forrest, Junius Brutus Booth, poor Scott, and likewise he
Who at the Bowery, long the monarch us'd to be;
Old Wallack, too, his brother Hal, and stunning nephew Jim,
Besides John Lester;—all in their most appropriate trim;
Burton, Charles Walcott, W. R. Blake, and, with no desire to weary,
The chap who's played so many nights the English Lord Dundreary.
I want to be an actor. I know there's many about,
(Tho' most are mere pretenders, and can only rant and spout,)
Who'd join a theatre, too, but what are they to *me*?
I only wish the chance was yours, my noble friends, to see!
I've money in my pocket, and I've bought a wardrobe fine,
In which a much less "proper man" would surely cut a shine—
I've feathers, wigs, and gloves, and a hundred different stuffs,
False jewels by the thousand, and a score or two of ruffs.
I must come out, I *will* come out, at a theatre on Broadway,
Create a great sensation, and make the critics say
That, never in their lives before, did eyes of theirs behold,
Such talent and such modesty—both typical of gold.
Yes, I must hurry up, that's sure, and walking thro' the street,
Prepare for the occasion I am about to meet;
And gazing on the broken walls, my happy future bless,
Thro' fancying the posters broad announcing "great success."

M'LLE FELICITA VESTVALI,
OPERATIC SONGSTRESS.

JOHN BROUGHAM,
AUTHOR AND ACTOR.

For Biographical Sketches, see another Column.

$250 Clipper Prize Story.

THE SECRET CONCLAVE;

OR,

THE MYSTERIOUS HOUSE IN THE FIVE POINTS.

A STORY OF NEW YORK CITY LIFE.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY J. A. UNDERWOOD.

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CHAPTER XXIV.

THE LAD ON THE WATCH—HENRY'S BED-CHAMBER—THE APPROACH OF THE ASSASSIN—THE AVERTED BLOW—LUKE AVERILL'S MISTAKE—REVELATIONS—THE HAND OF GOD—THE ACCUSATION AND DENIAL—GRAFTON'S DYING DECLARATION.

Henry Mordaunt, after having spent one of the most delightful evenings in his life, was conducted to the chamber assigned him by his host. It was a room entirely isolated from the rest of the house; but this isolation caused him neither surprise nor uneasiness. He was supremely happy. He sat for some minutes at the open window, for the storm had now passed, and he gazed on the dark waters which stretched far away in the distance. His thoughts, however, were elsewhere. At last he closed the window, and having offered up a prayer of thanks to his Maker, he undressed himself and laid down on the bed. His soul was rocked by happy thoughts, and by one o'clock in the morning he slept profoundly.

Well might he be happy, for during the whole evening, Maud had treated him with the most loving kindness. The sight of these two lovers was gall and wormwood to Luke Averill, and their happiness only made him more determined to sacrifice the object of his hatred.

An hour passed on. One by one the sounds in the house were stilled, and at last complete silence reigned. Three light taps might have been heard at his chamber window. Henry, however, did not hear them, and they were repeated louder. Then a hand enveloped in a pocket handkerchief pushed against the glass until it was shattered, without, however, making much noise, for the pieces were caught by the curtain before reaching the floor.

Henry heard it; but he evidently thought he was dreaming, and he fell asleep again, muttering some inarticulate words.

A hand was then introduced through the aperture of the broken window; it pushed back the spring, and the window opened. The lad who had watched over Henry for the last two or three days, strode over the sill and stood in the chamber.

We have already said the storm had passed away. The sky was now cloudless, and the moon floated in azure space, calm and brilliant. The moon's rays fell directly on Henry's face as he slept. The intruder walked directly towards the bed, and then stopped. For a moment or two he stood motionless, with his eyes fixed on Henry; then he joined his hands and appeared to pray. This over, he stooped down and imprinted a kiss on the young man's forehead. Then he rose up and made a gesture as if he would awaken Henry. But he evidently altered his mind, for he went to the window, and having closed it, drew down the blind, and in a moment the chamber was plunged in deep obscurity. This done, he crouched down on the carpet behind Henry's bed.

He had been concealed there about a quarter of an hour, when he thought he heard the sound of voices exchanging some rapid words in the corridor. Almost at the same moment, a key turned in the lock, and the door gently opened. Grafton appeared on the threshold.

He appeared to be without a weapon. Doubtless the clerk, fearing to find Henry awake, intended, should such be the case, to pretend that he wished to converse with him, their intimate acquaintanceship fully justifying such a proceeding. The precaution was a good one, for if Henry had been awake, Grafton's presence could have been very naturally explained, and of course the young man could have no suspicion that his friend intended murder. But there was a witness there whom he could not deceive.

The clerk advanced with a smile on his face; he held in his hand a lighted candle. But as soon as he saw Henry's deep sleep, his features suddenly changed. His eyebrows were drawn together, deepening the wrinkles in his forehead, and his eyes lighted up with an expression of savage joy.

He glided his hand under his coat and drew out a bowie-knife, the blade of which glittered as he held it. Placing the candle on the table, he extinguished it—not, however, before he had noticed the exact spot where to strike.

He raised his arm.

But at that moment he felt his wrist imprisoned by a vigorous grasp, while another hand seized his throat. He uttered one terrible cry—one only—a cry which expressed horrible suffering. Then the death-rattle was heard in his throat, and he fell to the floor, a heavy, motionless, and inert mass. Fear and excitement had done their work, and induced a fatal spasm of the heart.

Henry raised himself up in bed, his features expressing consternation and surprise. A profound silence had succeeded the clerk's cry of agony.

Luke Averill had remained in the corridor. Forced against his will to be present at this terrible tragedy, he held himself ready to fly, if necessary. When he heard that fearful cry, in spite of his natural bravery, he shook from head to foot, and was half inclined to rush to the other extremity of the gallery; but there the moon's rays shone brilliantly, and he did not care about going into the light. He crept into Henry's chamber and closed the door after him.

"Is it done?" he asked in a whisper.

Henry was about to reply. The boy motioned silence.

"It is done," said the lad also in a whisper.

"He is then dead?" said Luke Averill, all his self-possession returning to him.

"He is dead!" whispered the lad.

"It is very singular, Grafton," returned the merchant, "but I do not recognize your voice."

Henry thought all this must be a strange dream.

"Where are you?" said Averill; and he stumbled against Grafton's body.

"A corpse!" he exclaimed, a shudder running through him.

The lad advanced to the window and drew aside the curtain. In a moment the moon's rays lighted up the whole chamber.

"Mr. Averill!" exclaimed Henry stupefied.

The merchant turned his haggard eyes on young Mordaunt, and then they became fixed on Grafton's prostrate form; when he raised them again they encountered the boy, who stood before him motionless, with his arms crossed on his chest, and in the merchant's excited state of mind, he appeared to be double his natural size.

He made a movement as if to escape.

"Remain, Luke Averill," said the boy.

"Luke Averill!" said Henry, rubbing his eyes as if he could not believe his senses. He thought that he must be under the influence of some terrible nightmare. The boy's presence—the merchant who had so mysteriously appeared in the room—was sufficient to drive him mad.

"In God's name!" said Mordaunt, "what is the matter?"

Averill, by making a desperate effort to recover himself, in some measure succeeded in regaining his presence of mind.

"Aye!" said he; "what is the matter? I came here attracted by a noise, and I find a man stretched here, apparently dead!"

"God's judgment has overtaken him, because in the execution of your orders he came here to assassinate Mr. Henry Mordaunt."

"Who are you, boy, that dares to speak to me in this manner?"

"Never mind who I am; it is sufficient for you to know at present that I am Mr. Henry Mordaunt's servant."

"But what do you do here?"

"I am here," replied the boy, "to protect my employer."

"What do you mean by the infamous accusation you made just now?"

"I mean what I say. You came here by appointment with that man!" exclaimed the boy, pointing to Grafton as he lay on the floor. Your purpose was to kill Mr. Henry Mordaunt."

"Boy!" said Averill, his face working with rage, "you shall pay dearly for your audacity. All that you have stated is an infamous lie."

Grafton's body moved convulsively. His breast began to heave, and his eyes rolled in their sockets.

"Grafton!" said the merchant, addressing the prostrate form before him, while his features were now hideously distorted with rage; "Grafton, arouse yourself and defend me; speak! speak! speak, I tell you!"

The clerk slowly raised himself up. After many vain efforts he managed to articulate—

"The boy has spoken the truth," he murmured, fixing on his employer his dying eyes, still beaming with intense hatred. "Your life has been one long lie! May God punish you!"

He fell backwards again, and his whole body was terribly convulsed. The merchant in his rage kicked the struggling body with his foot.

"Die then, forger!" said he in a voice hoarse with passion. "And you, sir," he added, turning round to Henry, "you may well tremble. I understand this vile conspiracy; your friend and this boy are parties to it. You are aware of my pretensions in a certain quarter—you two have presumed to cast your eyes in that direction. You have trumped up this story between you, for the purpose of injuring my prospects; but this matter shall be thoroughly investigated. God's justice has already fallen on one of the plotters, and I doubt not human justice will soon overtake the others."

Henry, taken unawares, and but half comprehending this tirade, could not command words to reply to this furious attack.

"Sir! what do you mean?" he murmured.

"Silence!" said the boy imperiously. "It is my turn to speak Luke Averill, I know you to the very heart. That man has said the truth; 'your life is one long lie!' You have been guilty of every crime, but retribution will surely come. You need not frown and glare at me. You did plan with your clerk to take away this young man's life. Your denial is in vain, for I heard the plan with my own ears. I could, were I so disposed, bring you to justice at once; but, no! I prefer to let your punishment be more slow and lasting."

"Who are you that dares to speak to me in this manner; I ask again?" exclaimed Averill, in a voice hoarse with rage. "I repeat it; your statement is an infamous falsehood!"

CHAPTER XXV.

DEATH OF GRAFTON—LUKE AVERILL ASSAULTS THE LAD—THE SECRET DISCOVERED—INTERVIEW BETWEEN HENRY AND HIS PRESERVER—THE PROMISE—THE WARNING—LUKE AVERILL'S SILENCE—HIS RESOLUTION—DANGER TO HENRY.

Grafton raised himself a second time, and glared round the room as if for the purpose of collecting his thoughts. He again struggled to speak—while he was so doing he kept his hand over the region of his heart all the time.

"He speaks the truth! the truth! You did plan with me to assassinate Henry Mordaunt! O God! have mercy on me! forgive me! for—"

"The man is delirious!" said Averill—besides his evidence can be of no avail for he is dying—"

Grafton had sunk back exhausted on the floor—he rallied again for a moment.

"O God!" he murmured, grant me a few hours of life, that I may be revenged!"

His eyes closed—his lower jaw fell—he was dead!

"Thus, Luke Averill," cried the boy, "do you prosecute your evil work; but you are enveloping yourself in a net from which you will endeavor to escape in vain. Go on, hypocrite, in the way you have commenced! Continue to heap crime on crime on your head—the punishment will only be the greater!"

"Lying villain!" said Averill now completely beside himself—take that for your impertinence!"

And he strode up to the lad, and with a single blow, felled him to the floor. This done he hurriedly left the apartment, The boy lay apparently without life or motion.

Henry, who had previously hurriedly thrown on a few clothes, rushed to the prostrate boy and raised him in his arms.

"My preserver!" he exclaimed—"not dead! Oh! not dead!" and placed his hand against the boy's heart, and to his joy felt a slight beating there.

Henry bore the lad to the window, and opened it that the fresh air might blow on his pale face. In order to revive him more quickly he tore open the boy's vest and shirt. The moon's rays shone on two ivory globes as white as the driven snow.

"Great God of Heaven!" exclaimed Henry—"it is a woman! what means this mystery?"

The fresh air appeared to have the effect intended, for the pretended boy, whom we are sure our readers have long ago detected to be Heloise in disguise, opened his eyes and gazed wildly about her. In a few minutes she had so far recovered herself as to notice the disorder in her dress about the throat. Her first action was to readjust her apparel.

"I see you have discovered my secret," she exclaimed—"but I beseech you to ask me no further questions."

"Madam," said Henry, "I owe my life to you; you have mysteriously protected me during the last few days against the machinations of my enemies. I will obey your wishes, and will not seek to discover who you are. Allow me, however, to offer you my most heartfelt and sincere thanks for the extraordinary protection you have afforded me."

He took her hand in his and respectfully kissed it.

"You owe me no thanks, Mr. Mordaunt," said Heloise, "I only seek to thwart the plans of that bold, bad man. I will pursue him to the ends of the earth to bring him to justice."

"But why not do so at once, there is plenty of evidence against him. He can be lodged in jail to-morrow morning."

"No, the time is not yet come. I beseech you say nothing of this matter. I shall return to New York early in the morning, without having been seen by any one but yourself and Mr. Averill. You alone know my sex. Keep my secret, that is all I ask of you. I also recommend you to beware of Luke Averill; you see he menaces your life—and he will not scruple to take it; but to be forewarned is to be forearmed."

He will not dare to plot further against me?"

"You do not know Luke Averill, or you would not talk thus—there is nothing he would not dare to do to advance his interests. He has set his heart on a union with Miss Walton. He has already gained over the father, and look to it that he does not gain over the daughter."

"Gain over Maud!" said Henry with a smile—"you little know her."

"I know her perhaps better than you imagine. I know that she loves you, but there is no human ingenuity that Luke Averill will not invoke to possess her. But still by being on your guard you will be more than a match for him. I shall continue to watch over your interests.

"Noble girl!"

"I shall leave you now. When I am gone, raise the alarm, and state that Grafton came into your room, you suppose to ask some question, and that he fell to the floor, and when you raised him up he was dead. A coroner's inquest will be summoned in the morning, and it will then appear that he died from disease of the heart. Say not a word of Averill's or my own visit."

"But will not Mr. Averill invent some story, and then, if it should appear that I had not told the whole truth, might not some suspicion be raised against me?"

"I know Mr. Luke Averill infinitely better than you do—and take my word for it, he will not utter a word; he will only be too glad to find that you are silent. Adieu! and God bless you!"

"God bless you, my noble preserver!" cried Henry, again raising her hand to his lips. "I will follow your advice in everything."

Heloise stole gently from the room, and Henry was alone. He allowed a little time to elapse, and then raised the alarm. His chamber was immediately filled with guests, and Mordaunt's story was so natural, and so fully borne out by external evidence, that not a doubt remained in the mind of a single person but it was the truth.

The next morning a coroner was summoned, and an inquest held. A post-mortem examination revealed the fact that Grafton had died of disease of the heart, and a verdict to that effect was accordingly returned.

Heloise proved to be a good prophet, for Luke Averill made no remark whatever on the subject, and, to view his impassive features, no one would imagine that he had been at all mixed up with the matter.

Grafton's body was conveyed to his relatives.

The morning following the inquest all the guests returned to New York, and Luke Averill went to his business as usual. If any one had glanced into his private apartment on that day, they would have seen him pacing uneasily up and down the floor.

"I will manage this business myself," he muttered; "I was a fool to trust it into other hands. Now, Henry Mordaunt, look out, for a tiger is tracking you."

CHAPTER XXVI.

HORACE MAYHEW AND EMILY—THE PROPOSITION—REFUSAL OF EMILY—FINAL CONSENT—HENRY'S VISIT TO DR. BRANDON—THE WILES OF A SYREN—TEMPTATION—THE FLEA—HENRY ON THE POINT OF FALLING—MAUD HIS GUARDIAN ANGEL— HE FLIES FROM THE TEMPTRESS.

We must return to Horace Mayhew, whom we have left for a long time.

Two nights after the events related in the last chapter, Mayhew entered the cottage we have before described in the Third Avenue. In the drawing-room he found Emily Brandon awaiting his coming. She was undressed, save her night gown, and this last garment was of the finest cambric. In this light costume she was entrancing to behold. The thin material of her night dress was but a mere veil thrown over her resplendent beauties; the contour of her bosom, and the outlines of her magnificent limbs could be plainly distinguished. Her eyes shone brightly, her bosom rose and fell, and her lovely cheeks were flushed with the fire of passion.

The moment Mayhew appeared, she threw herself into his arms, and he pressed her supple form to his breast, and imprinted hot and passionate kisses on her ruby lips.

He drew her unresistingly to a sofa, and unbuttoning her night dress, her splendid bust became a prey to his caresses.

They drank the cup of sensual bliss to the dregs.

"Dearest Emily," said Mayhew, when their passion had been cooled, "I want you to do a great favor for me."

"What is it, dear Horace? You know that it is already done."

"I don't know that, my love—I may ask you something that will shock you."

"Tell me what it is, dearest."

"First of all, tell me if you know Mr. Henry Mordaunt?"

"Certainly; he is to take tea at our house to-morrow evening."

"Indeed! that is better than I thought. Shall you be alone with him?"

"In all probability I shall, for father will go out in the evening to visit his patients, and mother goes to chapel."

"Excellent!"

"Why do you ask me this, Horace?"

"Emily, I want you to admit that young man to your embraces."

"What!" cried the young girl, horrified at this cool proposal. "Are you mad, Horace?"

"No, my love, I am perfectly sane."

"Then I misunderstood you."

"I will repeat my wish. I want you to admit Henry Mordaunt to your embraces—nay, more, I want you to excite him, by a liberal display of your charms, that he may fall an unresisting victim to your allurements."

"Horace, this must be a jest or you *are* out of your senses. Do you wish your affianced wife to become a harlot?"

"I thought you would rather like it, Emily. Young Mordaunt is a handsome young man."

"Now you add insult to injury."

"My dear girl, it is of no use your attempting to play the prude with me. I know you too well."

"What do you mean by these insults?"

"A person who tells the truth commits no insult. I simply wish you to grant the same privileges to Mr. Henry Mordaunt that you have already done to Mr. Edward Grafton and Mr. Luke Averill."

At these words Emily turned deathly pale. She saw that it was no use to contend further, since Mayhew knew of the weakness of which she had been guilty. A stormy conversation followed, but at last, under the threat of having all her amours exposed to the world, she consented to Mayhew's infamous proposition. It was in vain she asked him why he required this; he would not satisfy her, simply assuring her that no harm should befall her on account of her compliance. Eventually, they patched up a kind of reconciliation, and Mayhew escorted Emily home.

The following evening Henry Mordaunt, by invitation, went to spend the evening with Doctor Brandon. He was very cordially received by the family. The weather was very warm, and Emily Brandon was ravishingly attired in a white dress, cut very low in the neck, so that her white shoulders and the upper portion of her splendid bust could be seen.

After supper, Doctor Brandon and Mrs. Brandon excused themselves for an hour or two, and Emily and Henry were left alone together.

Emily threw herself on the sofa, and Henry seated himself in a rocking chair a little on one side of her. They conversed together on indifferent topics for some little time, and Emily was evidently struck with the young man's bearing and personal appearance, and began to enter with zest into the part she had to play.

"How warm it is!" said she suddenly, forcing her shoulders from her dress, so that more than half of her exquisite bust became visible.

Young Mordaunt was but human, and his eyes became involuntarily fixed on her heaving bosom, and strange feelings began to permeate through his system. His eyes grew bright, but still he restrained himself.

Emily watched the young man with curious eyes, and saw that the sight of her charms had the desired effect on him. She, however, determined to increase this effect, so she placed one of her feet on an ottoman, at the same time surreptitiously pulling up her dress a little. This action brought into view one of her magnificently formed legs almost as high as her knee. Henry saw the swelling calf and neat ankle. His blood began to course furiously through his veins.

"Oh! oh!" said Emily, suddenly.

"What's the matter, my dear Miss Brandon?" said Henry.

"I think there is a flea biting my neck," replied Emily; "do come and take it away, Mr. Mordaunt, I cannot touch the horrible creatures."

Henry, not suspecting the *ruse*, placed himself by her side on the sofa, and began to examine her lovely white neck and shoulders in search of the little insect. He even placed his hand on her palpitating flesh, and the contact almost drove him crazy.

"I don't see it," said he, innocently.

"It is lower down," said Emily. "O, do find it! Mr. Mordaunt, for it is biting me terribly."

"But I should have to unfasten your dress to get at it," said Henry.

"Unfasten it then! I am a doctor's daughter, you know, and am no prude."

With trembling fingers Henry obeyed, and in a moment or two her dress was slipped entirely off her shoulders.

"Let me unbutton my chemise," said Emily, "you will find it easier."

She suited the action to the word, and in a moment her lovely bosom was fully exposed. Two magnificent alabaster globes stood boldly out.

"O, find it! find it!" said Emily.

The play had now become deeply interesting to Henry, and in the course of his researches he was compelled occasionally to touch those snowy mounts.

"I cannot see the flea," said he.

"Oh! it is now biting my knee," she cried, suddenly placing her legs on the sofa, and raising her dress as high as her knees.

There is no knowing what might have been the result of all this had not Henry been suddenly awakened from his delirium by a chance expression of Emily's.

"O, find it! Mr. Mordaunt," said she; "I am sure you would search for it better if it were Miss Walton instead of myself who asked you."

"Excuse me, Miss Brandon," said Henry, withdrawing from the sofa, "I had better send you a servant."

So saying, he left the room and the house, leaving Emily to make what excuse she could for him.

Emily was exceedingly chagrined at her want of success, and deeply regretted the part she had played.

That night she visited the cottage in the Third Avenue, and informed Mayhew of all that had passed. He cheered her up as well as he could, and saw her home again at an early hour.

After he had left her at her own door, Mayhew bent his steps to the residence of Mademoiselle Ernestine, with whom he appeared to be on as friendly terms as Mr. Luke Averill. He remained with her an hour. The reader will know the result of their conversation by and by. After leaving Mademoiselle Ernestine, Mayhew directed his steps to the mysterious house in Mott street. He was spoken to once or twice on his way there, but was so absorbed by his own thoughts that he did not notice it.

He knocked at the door, and, giving the password, was admitted at once.

The upstairs room was occupied, as usual, by two men, who bowed humbly when he made his appearance.

"To-morrow night is the one appointed for the grand meeting of the Conclave, is it not?" asked Mayhew.

"It is, Most Noble Grand."

"Have all the members been summoned?"

"They have, sir."

"Any one been here?"

"Heloise is below."

"Indeed! she must be better, then."

And without saying anymore, the chief strode up to the fireplace, touched the secret spring, and descended the stairs to the room below.

He entered the apartment where he had had previous interviews with Heloise. The beautiful girl was seated at a table, writing; she looked pale, but was even more interesting on that account.

"I am glad to see you out again, Heloise," said Mayhew, taking her hand in his.

She offered no objection to this action, but her demeanor was entirely changed from what it had been. There was no affection, no love, and no heart in it. Mayhew, however, did not appear to notice this coldness, but pressed his lips to her white forehead as he had done in days past.

"There is to be a grand council held to-morrow night," said Mayhew.

"Indeed!" said Heloise, her face flushing, "is there any particular business to be brought before it?"

"I believe so, but I hardly know," returned Mayhew, with an air of indifference, which, however, did not impose on Heloise.

"Who calls it?" asked Heloise; "it is not a regular meeting night."

"I really do not know—but there has been some talk of suspending the operations of the Conclave for some months; there are some ugly reports abroad—perhaps that is the motive."

Heloise relapsed again into indifference, and made no reply.

"I may, perhaps, be able to turn this meeting to my own purpose," said Mayhew, after a pause.

"Indeed!" returned Heloise, you have some purpose to effect, then?"

"Yes, and had I known that you had been well enough, I might have secured your aid in carrying it out—but I have employed Mademoiselle de Selegue."

"Ernestine de Selegue," repeated Heloise.

"Yes, and, perhaps, after all, it was best, for it is a business I am sure you would not have liked to have entered upon."

Heloise, by a series of ingenious questions, endeavored to discover the purpose he had in view. But whether it was that Mayhew was suspicious, or that he did not feel very communicative that night, he did not satisfy her.

After prolonging the conversation an hour longer, they separated.—To be continued.

A FRIGHTENED "COUNTERBINE."

"THEM chaps" of editors out at the provincial village of notions have some remarkably fortunate correspondents, or else are gifted with—well, "emense" imaginations. Anyhow, here's a "war story" of a thoroughly astonished contraband, which will bear circulating:—

A portly contraband from Charleston, S. C., who escaped from his rebel master at Antietam, and was for a while subsequently quartered at Washington, was engaged by one of our junior staff officers as his body servant, and brought down to his quarters to attend him. It chanced that the officer had served his country gallantly at Sharpsburg, where he lost a leg, below the knee, the absence of which had been made up by an artificial limb, which the captain wore with so easy a grace that few persons who met him suspected his misfortune—his sable attendant being among the blissfully ignorant as to the existence of the fact. The captain had been "out to dine," and returned in excellent spirits to his tent. Upon retiring he called his darkey servant to assist him in pulling off his riding boots.

"Now Jimmy, look sharp. I'm a little—ic—flimsey, Jimmy, t'night. Look sharp, an'—ic—pull steady."

"I'se allers keerful, Cap'n," says Jimmy drawing off one long wet boot, with considerable difficulty, and standing it aside.

"Now mind your eye, Jim! The other—ic—a little tight," and black Jimmy chuckled and showed his shining ivories as he reflected, perhaps, that his master was quite as "tight" as he deemed his boot to be.

"Easy now—that's it. Pull away!" continued the captain, good naturedly, and enjoying the prospective joke, while he loosened the straps above his waist which held his cork leg up—"now you've got it! Yip—there you are! Oh, Lord! oh, Lord! oh, Lord!" screamed the captain, as contraband, cork leg, riding boot and ligatures tumbled across the tent in a heap, and the one-leg officer fell back on his pallet convulsed with spasmodic laughter. At this moment the door opened and a lieutenant entered:

"G'way fum me, g'way fum me; lemme be! I ain't dun nuffin!" yelled the contraband, lustily, and rushed to the door, really supposing he had pulled his master's leg clean off. "Lemme go! I didn't do nuffin! g'way! g'way!" And Jimmy put for the woods in his desperation, since which he has not been seen or heard from, though the captain has sought diligently for him far and near. Jimmy was a good servant, but we never before were treated to a sight of a thoroughly frightened contraband. There is little doubt that the darkey is running yet.

PROVERBS OF THE BILLINGS FAMILY.

Don't swap with yer relashuns unless yu ken afford to give them the big eend of the traid.

Marry yung, and ef carcumstances require it, often.

Don't take yer torbacker box out in kompany.

If yu kant git gud cloaths and edication too, git the cloaths.

Say how are yu? to everybody.

Culkulate modesty, but mind and keep a gud stoc of impudenc on hand.

If yu are angry, never git beat.

Bee charatable; three cent pieces are made on purpose.

Don't talk enny bodys advice but yer owne.

It kosts more to borry than it duz to by,

Ef a man flatters yu, yu can kalkerlate hes a rogue or yure a fule.

Kepe both ize open, but don't cee morn half yu notis.

If yu itch for fame, go into a grave yard and skratch yurself against a tumstun.

Beggars don't have tu advertise for runaway dogs.

'Tis a long lane that never turns, and 'tis a good mill that always dus.

Young man, be more anxious about the pedigre yur going to leave, than you are about the one some body is going tu leave yu.

Sin is like weeds sowne, and sure tu kum.

Natur is natur; you kant alter a dog's tail much, and preserve the length of it.

I wud sa tu all young men, "go in," and to the ole fellers "kum out."

About as sure a way to get rich, as enny I no of, is to get inter debt for a hunderd thousand dollars, and then go to work and pa oph the det.

Filosophers tells us the world revolves on its axes, and Josh Billings tells yu, that full half the folks on the arth, think tha are the axes.

N b. these ar proverbs have stood for mor'n a hunderd years, and hain't gin out yet.

SWEARING 'EM.—Not long after this present war broke out, the yarn about "swearing a rattlesnake and letting him go" was ventilated, and was decidedly good; but here is a tale of "swearing" from Murfreesboro' that "ish better ash goot." A correspondent says:—"I have just returned, from a pleasant visit to the outposts, a part of General Jeff. C. Davis' division occupying the front upon the Shelbyville Pike. Col. Heg has a regiment of Norwegians or Scandinavians, which is known as the Fifteenth Wisconsin. They are a splendid body of well-disciplined men, and all speak our language fluently. I heard an amusing anecdote of one of their captains, who, a short time since, took a lot of rebel prisoners. As the Norwegian captain had them drawn up in line, he said to them, in broken English, and in accents very like the German:—'Say, you fellers—you putternuts—I want you all to schwear a little. It do you good to schwear mit de constitution. I schwear him tree year ago—now you schwear him. Now, recollect, you schwear him goot—no d—n nonsense. You schwear him, and keep him down, and not puke him up again.'"

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, JULY 11, 1863.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

TRUMP CARD, Boston.—When, at whist, a party plays out of his turn, it is in the option of either of his adversaries to call the card so played at any time in that deal, provided it does not make him reroke; or if either of the adverse parties is to lead, he may desire his partner to name the suit he chooses to have led, and when a suit is named, the partner must play it if he has it.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.—In playing at cribbage, A played a seven; B a tray; A a five, and took two for fifteen; and B a four, for which he claimed three points. Was he entitled to them?..... Certainly; the three points for the sequence, 3, 4, 5; or 4, 5, 3, were justly his.

B., Nashville, Tenn.—"The American game of billiards" is the four ball game *with* pockets; when playing for caroms alone, it is called the American *carom* game. In the late tournament the carom game was played.

DEALER, New Haven.—Honors are never called in short whist, but always counted except at the point of four, which corresponds with the point of nine in the old game, and, in like manner, tricks take precedence of honors.

F. K. S., Nashville, Tenn.—Your communications arrive too late, frequently after we have gone to press. Letters intended for the paper must reach us on Monday morning, and contain the latest news.

BLUESKIN.—1. Dumb bells made after the model you metion would be an improvement on the old style, we think. 2. It is difficult to fix the average salaries of such people, because it depends so much upon their individual talent.

J. W. E., Dayton, Ohio.—It is a well authenticated fact that Flora Temple *did* trot a mile in 2:19¼, on the Kalamazoo, Mich., track; as we have frequently stated, and on what we believe to have been correct authority.

A. B. M., Brooklyn.—In bluff, if no one enters for the pool, the stakes are doubled, and the deal passes to the next player to the left of the dealer. It is termed a "double header."

T. SMITH, Philadelphia.—Mr. Willard is the Lessee of the "Howard," Boston, next season, and A. D. Bradley is his Stage Manager.

H. B. J., Washington, D. C.—The All England Eleven cricketers came to this country to play matches with our twenty-twos in the fall of 1859.

OCCASIONAL, Chicago.—The article is a little too strong, but even if admissible, it should have the name of the writer attached to it.

C. P., Louisville.—Ben and Bob Caunt were both in this country.

B. CHAPMAN, Golden City, Col. Ter.—We have no papers on hand containing the Coburn fight.

H. R., Omaha City, Neb. Ter.—The Queen's Theatre, London, in 1835 was under the management of Mrs. Nisbett.

R. A. M., New York.—Mr. Samuel Butler, the tragedian, died at Manchester, Eng., July 17, 1845.

C. D. B., Sussex, N. B.—We can send you all the back numbers at six cents each.

J. H. CARTER, Zouave Troupe.—Your other letters did not reach us.

J. M. J., St. Louis.—The distance from hub to hub, in quoits, is usually 18 or 21 yards.

J. G. P., Albany.—You will see the whereabouts of the company you enquire for, in our circus summary, every week.

ROMEO, Nashville.—Rather too late this time. The news was anticipated.

P. P., Philad'a.—We have no copies of that date on hand.

OUR NATIONAL BIRTHDAY.

The anniversary of our national birthday for the year 1863, has been, in many respects, the most remarkable one of the entire series. And this we say advisedly, and in no spirit of seeking something to glorify into an appearance of undue importance. We have good reason to believe that never in the history of our Fourth of July celebrations was so little vain self-glorification indulged in, so little mere blatant patriotism, the offspring of whiskey and powder smoke, let off at gaping audiences, as on the present. There was a too deep-seated earnestness in the hearts of men for such froth and absurdity. Men now know and feel that it is a reality that one great section of the country stands aloof alike from the celebration of the day, and the blessings and obligations of the civil compact of which it is typical. For over two years the boom of artillery, the crack of the rifle, and the sway of the sabre, have striven to decide the question of our unity or duality, but in vain. Hundreds of thousands have bled in the struggle; billions of treasure have been expended; each has in turn invaded the other, and the end is not yet. Both parties, animated by victories, forget defeats, and the red demon of civil war shrieks in an agony of delight as he bathes in an ocean of human gore, shed by hands that should be brothers'. Truly, well was our celebration, in which nearly half our country did not only not join, but contemn, tempered with a deep feeling of seriousness, and a willingness to see and acknowledge faults. Never before was the value of our land, its liberties, its laws, and its constitution so seriously felt by our people. The bulletin boards were surrounded with crowds anxious to catch the first whisperings of the lightning messenger, for a great battle had been fought, hecatombs of victims had fallen on either side, and rumors of an ultimate Federal victory were heralded. These rumors were mere generalities and men were anxious. The invasion of Pennsylvania appears to have been stayed, and for so much the public heart is grateful.

As to the day itself in New York, it was cloudy, but without rain, and with a considerable breeze. The Young Men's Democratic Association was addressed at the Academy of Music by Gov. Seymour, and Ex-Gov. Seymour, of Conn.; and the Tammany Sachems had their usual "pow-wow." Our military, alas! the field of actual war witnessed their valor, rather than the usual display of their skill on dress parade. Never, probably, did so many people leave the city to enjoy themselves outside. Hence the small display of military, chiefly cavalry, had not the usual crowds of spectators. The darkness of the evening was exceedingly favorable to the pyrotechnic display, and that at the Park was unsurpassed in splendor. Every piece was a *brilliant* success, and to crown all, the 200 feet battle of the Monitor and Merrimac was truly a first-rate masterpiece of the art. This was greeted with deafening cheers by the masses of spectators. On the whole, despite the public anxiety, fully the average of personal enjoyment was had on this day of which we write, and we are happy so to record it.

THE PATCHEN AND BUTLER TROTTING MATCHES.—The series of six trotting matches between the celebrated trotting horses Geo. M. Patchen and General Butler, came to a conclusion with the sixth race on the 1st inst., a report of which event is given in another column. Each match is said to have been for $5000; if so, Patchen takes $20,000 of the stakes, and Butler $10,000, the former having won four races, and the latter two. These trotting matches have been anything but satisfactory to the public, in some instances the strongest evidences of unfair dealing being apparent, leading to the opinion that some of the parties interested knew how the matches would be decided, soon after the articles of agreement had been signed; and on the strength of this knowledge a great deal of money was "captured" by the "knowing ones." The last race, on the 1st inst., exhibited a bold and barefaced attempt on the part of a jockey and others connected with him to interfere with Patchen and his rider; the parties alluded to having actually gone upon the track to prevent the rider of Patchen from distancing Butler, which he was in a fair way of doing, and which no doubt would have been accomplished but for the interference of those we have alluded to. What a farce the trotting turf has become in the hands of unprincipled men, and what a wholesale swindle it is upon the public! We have the best trotting stock in the world in these parts, but some of the owners appear to be in league with a set of horse jockeys and sharpers who control the turf, and defraud the public at will. Had we an organization of some kind to take cognizance of these frauds, and forbid all swindling jockeys and their satellites from coming upon the track, or having anything to do with our trotting affairs, the interests of the turf would show a great improvement. Until something of the kind is done, we may look for a continuance of turf robberies.

HON. EDWARD EVERETT presented the prizes to the several victors in the Fourth of July Regatta at Boston. It were indeed an honor to receive a prize honorably won at the hands of so honorable a gentleman.

THE SCULLING CHAMPIONSHIP OF AMERICA.

HAMILL VS. WARD.

ALL THE STAKE MONEY IN OUR HANDS.

The question in regard to who will be victor in the forthcoming great sculling match for $1,000 and the championship of America, at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., between the renowned oarsmen James Hamill and Joshua Ward, is now fully launched upon the sea of public opinion, but it must remain a mooted one until the decisive day shall arrive and either one of them have propelled the prow of his tiny bark first past the winning goal. A great deal of speculation will be done, no doubt, for both men have friends who have the funds which they are willing to risk on their favorite. The stakes, one thousand dollars, are all now in our hands, the ceremony of posting the last deposit having been performed at the CLIPPER office on the morning of July 2, Mr. Stephen Roberts officiating for Hamill, and Messrs. Earl and Risdon for Ward. So far all is well, and every thing, judging from the amicable manner in which matters have been conducted up to the present time, bids fair for a good and exciting race, fast five mile time, and the sculling match for the Championship of American waters, to be one of the great events in the sporting annals of 1863. The people of Poughkeepsie should feel highly elated at their course being selected as the trysting place of two such oarsmen, in a contest where so much in the way of reputation and greenbacks are at stake. Speculation has hardly commenced here as yet, but we have heard of a little in Boston at odds on Hamill on account no doubt of his victory last year, and his winning twice in the regatta on the late 4th, on Charles river.

THE YACHT RENDEZVOUS.—Next after its annual regatta in interest is the rendezvous of the New York Yacht Club for fleet manœuvring, or, as it has sometimes been designated, ocean sailing. The last attempt at this latter form of the cruise was, however, a comparative failure, owing to the small part of the fleet which actually participated in the proceedings. The present form of the cruise has proved alike judicious in design and successful in execution. The regatta is confined to a mere effort of speed for one single burst, no other quality seeking to be displayed but this one, this only meeting with any proffers of reward, either in fame or tangible proofs of superiority. But such a campaign as the one occupying the present rendezvous, while it embraces speed, indeed, seeks to bring forward, honor, and reward all other forms and developments of excellence which model craft should possess and display. And here lies the public interest in the existence, prosperity, and displays of this the metropolitan aquatic organization of the Western hemisphere. Here is where the national passion for the *utile cum dulce* is gratified, and while gratified, deepened and perpetuated. The private enjoyments of the members are of no more public interest than those of any other body of men, except that their wealth, directed by high taste, leads them to do an indirect good to public cultivation by holding up a sport so noble, and worthy, and healthful in itself, to general admiration and emulation. Thus even the pleasures of the wealthy become a public benefaction when they encourage pursuits of themselves a practical good, and cultivate tastes in themselves purifying and ennobling.

But in a gathering like this under-remark, questions of even great practical moment are involved. No wonder naval officers of rank, alike of our own and foreign service, found it an inducement to attend. Doubtless "grandmother Welles herself" might have found a new idea or two, and have imbibed some valuable energy from being present. How far can these fairy-like forms be made available for the public good? What valuable qualities, in addition to speed, do their graceful lines and jaunty rig present? What is the most efficient *use* that can be made of such craft? How far can similar models be enlarged to advantage? What modifications of heavier craft do their performances under a great variety of circumstances suggest? Such are a few of the questions practical wisdom now requires of the exploits of these too lightly classed "mere playthings," to throw some light upon; types of the investigations now more than ever put in serious earnestness respecting them.

ANOTHER AMERICAN YACHT OFF FOR ENGLAND.—On Friday, July 3, the American Yacht Gypsey left New York harbor for a voyage across the Atlantic. The day of her departure was deferred on account of her having been "captured" by some custom house officers, they supposing her to have been a "blockade runner," or something of that sort. However, she is now tripping gallantly o'er the waves, no doubt, and her owner expects her to arrive at Cowes in time to take part in the regatta there at the close of the present month. As CLIPPER readers will remember, the famous yacht America was the first belonging to the New York Yacht Club to cross the briny ocean, and contend with Johnny Bull's fleet ones for the honors of the flood, and nobly did she do her duty, as on the 22d of August, 1851, she defeated no less than eighteen competitors easily, and took the Royal Yacht Squadron Cup, valued at £100. The Sylvie was the second entry for a trans-Atlantic voyage, but, although she took part in one race, she did not have the opportunity to make a reputation like that of the America. The Gypsey is the third to make a like venture, and is said to be a very speedy craft. What success she is to meet with remains to be seen, but we hope it will be such as will reward the enterprise of her owner, and we wish him and his crew *bon voyage*. She is owned by Mr. Anthony V. Morse, of 24 William street, N. Y., who goes out accompanied by his lady. The yacht may be gone four months, during which time she will visit Queenstown, Cowes, and some of the Channel ports, and thence to the Mediterranean. Her movements will be looked forward to with much interest.

BOSTON FOURTH OF JULY REGATTA.—As is always expected, the regatta on the "glorious Fourth" in Boston, passed off quietly and resulted successfully. Thousands of spectators were on hand to witness the various contests and were delighted with the same. James Hamill, the Champion Sculler of America, now matched with the ex-champion, Joshua Ward, for a second encounter, was, as will be seen by a report elsewhere, victor in two of them, viz., the single scull race, easily; and with Leary as co-propellor, the pair oared race. The manner in which he "walked over the course," so to speak, in the first named event, led many to advance the opinion that he would take Ward down in the forthcoming encounter on July 23, at Poughkeepsie, *sure*. Perhaps so, but we think these anticipations should not be indulged in too ardently, as we all well know how true it is that "there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip." To be sure, Hamill won easily last year, but Ward is said to have been out of condition then; and if that was the case, Hamill will do well to be cautious, and not be betrayed into indifference by the overweening confidence of his friends. What the CLIPPER wants to have the pleasure of recording is, that both men were quite well on the day, that both strained every nerve to win, that the fastest five-mile time yet recorded was made, and that the best man won.

THE DIFFERENCE.—While Hooker was in command of the army of the Potomac, the rebels did as they pleased, not having the least fear of our commanding officers; they even invaded our Northern cities, and lived on the fat of the land. This they did to show their utter contempt for Hooker. When the latter was "relieved," "at his own request," and Meade chosen to take command, then came a change in the tactics of the rebels, and they hurried back towards the Potomac, to preserve themselves from destruction. Had McClellan been in command, they would not have been permitted to make their excursion to Harrisburg.

SHORT AND DECISIVE.—"Fighting Joe" Hooker's experience as commander of a great army was remarkably short, and unmistakably decisive, for his incapacity was made painfully manifest in his first attempt to handle a large force, at Chancellorville. The President certainly did a wise thing in "relieving" this "fighting Joe," and for so doing he is entitled to the thanks of the country. His appointment has cost the nation thousands of valuable lives, and almost incalculable treasure.

THE GREAT PUGILISTIC CONTEST.

STAKING OF THE EIGHTH DEPOSIT.

$5000, OR HALF THE STAKES DOWN ON JULY 2.

The great battle in the prize ring for $10,000, between our American Champion, J. C. Heenan; and the King of the British P. R., to take place in December next, is fast gathering to itself an absorbing interest; so much so, that even in their own country, Mace and Ryall's match for the Championship of England elicits but comparatively little regard. Not much betting has been done yet on the other side, but there yet remains abundance of time for persons so disposed, to trade Wall street against Lombard street, or all Uncle Abe's greenbacks against all Queen Vic's ten-pun notes. Although our foreign exchanges do not so remark, probably from a sort of national pride, yet from a private source we learn that in a few monetary transactions which have taken place, the odds were altogether in favor of Heenan, and that the knowing ones feel pretty confident that "them ten thousand" are eventually to be his. This confidence in him, is, we are told, on account of his indomitable bravery shown in the great battle at Farnborough, and from the fact of Owen Swift being the Benicia Boy's right hand man. From latest advices it would seem that everything in connection with the event is progressing very satisfactorily, and we are assured, that in spite of doubts to the contrary by some, the event may be set down as one of the sure things to be, bar accident. That CLIPPER readers may be fully posted, we append quotations from the latest foreign sporting journals to hand:—

There was, as usual, a most influential muster of the right sort on Thursday, June 18, at Mr. W. Richardson's, to witness the posting of another £50 a side for this exciting event, which, although on the surface apparently regarded without interest, is in reality occupying fully as much of the public attention as did the match between Tom Sayers and Heenan. The reason for the apparent apathy on the subject is that the eventful day is so far off that speculators are deterred by fear of accident on either side from investing their money, especially as there are so many events at present in the sporting world demanding all their energies. The speculators, however, although not investing their money, have evidently got their eyes open, and watch every move on the board. Those who follow the ring as a sport, from sheer love of the art, however, are by no means so quiet on the subject as the sporting fraternity, and the eagerness with which they follow the doings of the men, and the anxiety they express to learn whether the deposits are duly made, show how the event has fixed itself in their minds, and we have not the slightest doubt that on the all eventful day we shall have to record such a muster of the really upper crust supporters of the P. R. as has never yet been seen at the ring side. Never was the love of the art more prevalent among the gentlemen of England than it is now, and never was there a better chance for good men to make themselves names and fames than at present. It rests entirely with themselves, and if this great mill, and those of almost equal interest which precede it, viz., between Dillon and Travers, for £400, Goss and Mace for £1,000, and Mace and Ryall for the championship, are carried out in the true spirit with which matches should be made, we think we may yet hold out a hope that the palmy days of the Ring, so often wished for, but so constantly missed by some misconduct or other, are yet in store for us, and may flourish for many years. Having made these few remarks by the way, we have now only to state that the £50 a side was duly tabled at the appointed hour, the usual toasts appropriately rendered, and the remainder of the evening devoted to harmony.—*Bell's Life.*

If there be any who are still doubtful of the genuineness of the above match, we would advise such to pay a visit to the making of a fortnightly deposit, the *locale* for which is always announced in our columns. On Thursday, June 18, another of these moves on the board was played at Mr. Richardson's, Shoreditch, when the eighth deposit of £50 a side was staked, making the *trifling* sum of £900, or £450 for each man. To say that the room—one of the finest in London—was crowded, would imply that hundreds were present, which was not the fact; but there were many familiar faces, with that order, and regularity, and quietude, a sure proof that real business was being transacted. Previous to the time for staking, Phil Benjamin gave his experience of bygone days; he trusted that he should be able to see the settlement of the question of the £2,000 match (the greatest sum on record), when he was cut short in his eloquence (which had been addressed principally to Joe Rowe, Harry Brunton, and a few pals) by the announcement that it was only six minutes to ten o'clock. Owen Swift, who was present, although suffering from an attack of the "old enemy," immediately passed across the table a "fifty" on behalf of the Benicia Boy, which was quickly responded to by Messrs. Bush and Richardson, who went shares in handing in a like amount for the "Bold Young Sailor." The stake-holder's *locum tenens* quietly fobbed the flimsies, and then spoke of the successful progress of the match. He paid a well-deserved compliment to the two men who were more particularly interested in the result; hoped that they would do and act again as they previously had acted, with many other matters, anticipations, and foreshadowings, with best wishes, and the stereotyped toast that both "may be well on the day, and may the better man win." Both East and West were well represented; George Drewitt, with a smile of modest triumph, sat beside his backer; and a very pleasant as well as business-like evening, was finished by its being announced by Owen Swift, amidst much cheering, that the next and ninth deposit of £50 a side was to be made on Thursday, July 2, at Alec Keene's, Soho, which deposit, when completed, will make the amount down into *one thousand pounds*—half the money!—*Sporting Life.*

GLORIOUS NEWS!—The news in regard to the victory of Gen. Meade over Gen. Lee, and the retreat of the army of the latter, after a series of desperate encounters in the vicinity of Gettysburg, is indeed, aside from the sad loss of life on both sides, glorious news, and all patriots will rejoice that at length the rebels have been compelled to "skedaddle" from Pennsylvania and to cease their ravages there. False hopes, and false rumors have been so long and so often indulged in, that the people in this vicinity were very cautious how they gave credence to the statement that the army of the Potomac had at length gained a decisive victory, and were not as jubilant at its first reception as they otherwise might have been, for they were not without fear that disaster might yet follow in its train; but General Meade appears to have been the man for the emergency, and we rejoice in recording the fact that the news, in all its most important particulars, *is fully confirmed;* for which we have the authority of General Meade himself, who, in an order issued to his gallant soldiers on the "Glorious Fourth," said of the enemy "baffled and defeated, he has now withdrawn from the contest," and as General Meade, unlike, Hooker, does not appear to be a man given to vain boasting, we take it that the above quotation means all its says.

HEENAN'S PROPOSED VISIT.—It is quite likely that the great excitement about the war will now interfere with Heenan's proposed visit to this country. It was his intention to come over here some time in July, and bring Tom Sayers along with him. When the news of the invasion of the North reaches him, it is not probable that Sayers will care to carry out his part of the programme, and Heenan will also hold back. We understand that his engagement with Seth Howes expires on the 23d of July, and if he then decides to give up the idea of coming here, he and Sayers will visit Paris, for a month or two, where they would create quite a sensation among the sporting monsieurs, who box as well with their feet, almost, as with their hands. We should like to see the two fistic heroes here, but as the war fever is on the increase, and business is falling off, our advice to them is, to hold up until they hear better tidings.

AN INTERNATIONAL SCULLING MATCH.—Is it by any means possible that such a famous sporting event as an international sculling match would prove to be can be brought about? Chambers has, as will be seen elsewhere, defeated Green, the Australian, and they are again matched. It will soon be decided who is who on this side of the water, and no great time is to elapse before the same question will again be settled on the other; when, we should think, no better opportunity could offer to again attempt to get on a match, United States vs. England. If Hamill should defeat Ward, we have understood that he intends making a voyage to England to see what he could do against the crack oarsmen of that country. Should he do so, we hope he will meet with better success than has Green, of Australia, in his first encounter.

TOO MUCH WHISKEY.—The army of the Potomac might have been handled much better of late, if there had not been such a free use of whiskey at head quarters. Some weeks ago we spoke of the excess to which drinking was carried on among the leading officials, and the only wonder is that the army was not totally sacrificed through the incompetency of drunken officers. We are glad to learn that now there is a prospect of such abuses being abolished, and that the "finest army on the planet" will have sober men to direct them, and instead of whiskey they will have Meade.

GYMNASTS.—A company of volunteers has been raised in Philadelphia, composed of members of gymnastic institutions in that city. They call themselves the "Gymnastic City Guard," and are drilling every day, at the same time holding themselves in readiness to respond to whatever call may be made upon them by the Mayor. L. Hillebrand is the Captain.

DOWN ON THE NORTH.—From private letters received here, we are given to understand that the feeling in England against the North is very bitter. We are sorry to hear it, although we are not surprised. It is probable that when the war runs in favor of the North, this "bitter feeling" will undergo a corresponding change. We shall see anon, as the players say.

BALL PLAY.

EAGLE VS RESOLUTE.—A match at base ball between these clubs was played on the 1st inst, resulting as stated in the score appended:—

BATTING.

EAGLE.	H.L.	RUNS	RESOLUTE.	H.L.	RUNS
Yates, c f	4	0	Allen, 3d b	6	2
Clark, c	4	0	Stanton, 1 f	4	2
Schaffer, s s	2	2	Wilson, c f	4	2
Simmons, 1st b	3	1	Bliss, c	2	2
Bogert, p	2	1	Morrison, p	4	3
Chapin, l f	3	1	Warnock, s s	3	3
Powell, r f	3	0	Weeden, 2d b	2	4
Hussey, 3d b	3	0	Storer, 1st b	1	4
Curry, 2d b	3	0	Cowperthwaite, r f	1	5
Total		5	Total		27

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Eagle	0	1	0	2	0	0	0	0	2—	5
Resolute	1	6	3	0	0	1	4	5	7—	27

Umpire—Mr. Spence, of the Eckford club.
Scorers, Messrs. Stearns and Williams.
Passed balls—Bliss, 5; Clark, 3.
Struck out—Clark, 1; Simmons, 2; Bogert, 1; Hussey, 1; Curry, 1; Stanton, 1.
Catches missed—Yates, 1; Bogert, 1; Simmons, 1; Curry, 1; Cowperthwaite, 1.
Fly catches made—Weeden, 1; Storer, 1; Cowperthwaite, 1; Morrison, 2; Allen, 1; Bliss, 1—total, 7. Simmons, 2; Bogert, 2; Shaffer, 1; Yates, 1; Curry, 2—total, 8.
Put out on foul balls—Resolutes, 6 times; Eagles, 10 times.
Put out at first base—Resolutes, 8 times; Eagles, twice.
Put out at home base—Yates and Powell, by Morrison.
Time of game—two hours and forty-five minutes.

GOTHAM VS. EMPIRE.—These clubs played their first match together, this season, at Hoboken, on July 1st. The result, after a closely contested game, being in favor of the Gothams by a score of 16 to 14. Van Cott made the best score on the Gotham side, Sebring, Ward, and Ryder doing best on the Empire side. The score was as follows:—

BATTING.

GOTHAM.	H.L.	RUNS	EMPIRE.	H.L.	RUNS
Thorn, p	5	0	Westervelt, 3d b	3	2
Van Cott, l f	1	4	Sebring, 1st b	2	2
Welling, s s	4	1	Miller, 2d b	3	2
Stokem, c f	2	3	Wilson, l f	4	1
Vincellett, 3d b	3	2	Russell, c	4	1
Wright, c	2	3	Ward, p	2	2
Burtis, 1st b	1	2	Ryder, l f	2	2
Forsyth, r f	5	0	Hoyt, s s	4	1
Roe, 2d b	4	1	Many, r f	3	1
Total		16	Total		17

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Gotham	4	1	1	6	0	0	2	1	1—16
Empire	1	2	6	0	0	2	0	0	3—14

Umpire—Mr. Page, of the Active club.
Scorers—Messrs. Schaffer and Williamson.

GOTHAM VS. EMPIRE.—These clubs played together at Hoboken, on June 23d, the result being a victory for the Gotham, by a score of 19 to 15, in a game of nine innings. Thorn made the best score on the Gotham side, and Bogert, on that of the Eagle nine.

HENRY ECKFORD VS. EAGLE.—A match was played between these clubs, on the Henry Eckford grounds, at Sixty-third street and Third avenue, on June 24th. The result being in favor of the former club, by a score of 30 to 21, in a full game of nine innings. This was the return match laid over from last season. The third game will shortly take place on neutral grounds. They had better take the Union Ball Grounds, at Brooklyn. In this match Snow and Saunders made the best scores, on the winning side, and Westervelt, on the part of the Empires.

BASE BALL AT MORRISANIA.—The Union Club of that flourishing suburb of New York, turned out strong on the 4th and played several short matches with very long nines on a side, so as to give all a chance to take a hand in. They had a good time and plenty of practice.

CRICKET.

SINGLE WICKET.—An interesting match at this style of game was played on the grounds of the New York club at Hoboken, between Messrs. Hammond and Sadler, on one side, and Hudson and Byron on the other. Betting was in favor of the first named, who finally won, after a stout contest, by eighteen runs. The score:—

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Hammond b Byron	32	c Hudson b Byron	16
Sadler c and b Hudson	14	c and b Byron	3
Wides	24	Wides	0
Total	70	Total	19

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Hudson b Hammond	8	c Hammond b Sadler	29
Byron c and b Sadler	8	b Sadler	3
Wides 6, no balls 2	8	Wides	9
Total	24	Total	41

Umpires—Messrs. Higham and Sharp.

CRICKET CONVENTION IN MASSACHUSETTS.—A convention of the cricketers of Massachusetts is to be held at the Broomfield House, Boston, on Tuesday, July, 21st, at 12 M., for the purpose of selecting an eleven to represent the State in the cricket match, All Massachusetts vs. New York Club, to be played on the grounds of the latter at Hoboken, N. J., on August 13 and 14. Each club is entitled to send three delegates. This call, which we insert with great pleasure, is made over the signature of Frank Crockett, Esq., the President of the last convention, and the present popular President of the Boston Club. We hope the Convention will succeed in selecting a first rate eleven, that their proceedings may be carried out harmoniously, and that they will come within one of beating the New Yorkers in the match in question.

CRICKET ON THE FOURTH.—As is customary with them, the members of the New York and St. George clubs assembled on the grounds of their respective clubs and played several impromptu matches, and a social time and good fellowship marked the proceedings of both.

BOSTON VS FALL RIVER.—The return match at cricket between the Boston and Fall River clubs was played on the ground of the former, at East Cambridge, on July 3, and was witnessed by a goodly number of the lovers of out-door sports. A provision of the match on the part of the Fall River players was that Martin and O'Brien, the two best bowlers of the Boston club, should be barred, and Messrs. Crockett, Lumb, and Draper, all of the first eleven, did not play. In some stages of the game there was some good play exhibited, both in batting, bowling and fielding, but the odds were altogether against the Fall River gentlemen, and they lost the match by several wickets. In their first innings they made 35 runs, 15 of which were made by Holmes. In their second innings they made 60. The Boston men made 93 in their first innings, 24 of which were made by Copson, and finally won the game with seven wickets to go down. The usual ceremonies on the presentation of the ball, the trophy of victory, took place, and the day's play wound up with a capital supper at the Broomfield House.

PEDESTRIANISM.

LONG ISLAND CHAMPIONSHIP.—In reference to the proposed race for the championship of Long Island, between Vanderbilt and Holmes, a correspondent says:—"I hereby challenge the winner to run me a race for the said championship and $100 a side, to toss for the choice of ground. Man and money at all times ready at FELIX PETERSON'S,
Cor. Quay and Franklin streets, Greenpoint."

CORRECTED TIME.—J. C. Smith, the pedestrian, whose exploit of drawing a sulky over the Fair Course at New Orleans, La., we recorded a short time since, writes us to say that our correspondent on that occasion made an error of two minutes in the time of the performance; which was 57 min. 35 secs., instead of 59 min. 35 secs., as then given.

CHALLENGE TO PEDESTRIAN FEATS.—I hereby challenge any man living to walk on a plank, or on the ground, for a number of days, say from 10 to 20, for from $500 to $1000, the man traveling the most miles to claim the money. Also, I will pull a sulkey from 1 to 10 miles with any man living, for from $100 to $500 a side. These are my first challenges, and I hope they will be taken up by some one. J. C. SMITH,
New Orleans, June 23, '63. U. S. Ship Portsmouth.

AN OLD GAG.—Although Deerfoot is now in this country, we see that he is still advertised on the other side as about to run Bill Lang, of Middlesex. Oh, but dont they know how to do the thing in Londontown? Well, they do.

THEATRICAL RECORD.

MOVEMENTS, BUSINESS, AND INCIDENTS OF THE THEATRICAL, CIRCUS, MUSICAL, AND MINSTREL PROFESSION.

OUR LETTER BOX.

☞ We have letters for James Hagan, Carrie Knight, Mrs. John Wood, Fanny Marsh, Chas. H. Duprez, John Herbart (2), Lucy or Sallie Clinetop, Geo. Gray, Jas. Cusick, Ed. Stevens Keene, L. M. W. Steere, B. Porter, Tony Denier, Mrs. Frank Graham, C. W. Couldock (2), Jane Coombs (2), Fanny Denham, Tom Wallace Keene, Annie Hyatt, Mrs. C. M. Webb, and Mrs. Sam Sharpley.

CITY SUMMARY.

TO THE PROFESSION.

☞ The CLIPPER is the great organ of the dramatic and show profession, and our desire is and ever has been to make this department not only useful to the profession, but interesting to the general reader. Through the medium of our little sheet, therefore, the profession can learn the whereabouts and business of each other. Drop us a playbill, a newspaper, a line or two of the movements of yourselves and those associated with you, so that they may reach us by Saturday, or Monday, at the latest, and the items furnished will appear in that week's issue of the CLIPPER, which is forwarded to agents throughout the country early on Tuesday morning of each week. We charge nothing for recording the movements of our friends, neither do we ask or seek favors of any kind for so doing. We wish to continue the CLIPPER as a reliable organ for the benefit of the profession, and thereby extend the sphere of its usefulness.

MONDAY, July 6, 1863.

Amusements always go to the dogs about dog days, and as we are now supposed to be entering upon the canine season, we find a number of our theatres and music halls muzzling their doors—that is, shutting them up—until such time as the weather will warrant their being opened again with any chance of success. What a host of people is thrown out of employment by the closing up of our theatres, and what suffering the aspiring Thespian "super" must undergo during the "recess." It's hard on the "super." The super's services are never properly appreciated until he makes a strike, and refuses to "go on" at the critical moment. Then, indeed, and then only, does he appear in the full majesty of his "superial" powers, We have seen a strike of supes, for an extra tip a night, "strike more terror to the very soul of Richard" than could ten thousand rebs., all armed in "fourth proof," and led on from Richmond. Supes, indeed! Why they are the very foundation of the drama. We'll "speak a piece" about em:—

A useful man's the Super,
Playing full many a part,
Full of joy one moment, then
Writhing thro' grief's smart.
Many nations claim him theirs,
But little is his speech,
For with him the eye and brow,
Beyond mere words, can reach.
Once a king, he since hath pass'd
Stages by the score,
Until, in fact, it seems he can
Realize no more.
A soldier, slave, a fisherman,
Then pirate, fierce and bold,
Who laughs at bloodshed, and whose god
Is that filthy lucre, gold.
A peasant, rowdy, patriot, guest
At an imperial villa,
He's presently a flowery blade
Who drinks the health of Spiller.*
A monster of the deep, of air,
And regions hotly nam'd,
By turns he's briney, ariel—next
All crimson and inflam'd.
When Shakespeare wrote the Ages Seven—
Our life the old and new—
'Tis very certain that he had
The Super in his view.
Then use him and esteem him well,
And keep his fame all mellow,
For is he not oft of biggest "star"
The equal and the fellow?

* *Vide*—"The Miller and his Men."

.....There was too much fuss out of doors last week, for the theatres to do a great business; and Lee's invasion of the North took the people so by surprise that it was almost impossible for them to take a bit of lunch and a brandy sour, even; as for shutting themselves up in a theatre, that was out of the question, altogether. The opinion was very freely expressed that Gen. Hooker was unfit for the position of commander in chief, and when the news was received that he had been "retired," the joy of the people knew no bounds. *We* were so elated—don't make it "elevated," you compositor man—that we sat down, and with one hand tied behind us composed the following beautiful and truthful parody:—

We had a fighting Josey once,
The rebels' joy and pride—
They loved him, ah! for us too well,
And they got on his blind side.
Afflictions sore, long time we bore—
Such Generals were in vain;
But now old Abe has called "Joe" home,
And eased us of our pain.

.....Although the week was stale, flat, and unprofitable, *as* a week, yet the 4th of July made some amends, the theatres and various places of public resort being thronged with visitors on that occasion, the receipts ranging from $500 to $1200, and enabling managers to close the season with a pretty good stake. To commemorate the day, or the night, rather, and to show the versatility of "the subscriber," we hereunto append a few tender and appropriate lines:—

The gas was on in its fullest force,
And the gilding all unshrouded,
There were sounds of hurrying to and fro,
And the front of the house was crowded.
"The reasons, good sir?" a foreigner cried;
"Pray tell me the cause of this sight."
"'Tis the glorious 4th, to celebrate which,
These numbers assemble to-night."

.....On the 4th of July, the two Bowery theatres closed for the season, and Barnum put an end to his dramatic campaign. The theatres now open are Niblo's, Winter Garden, and Laura Keene's.....Here's a conundrum, in honor of our "valuable paper:"—"Why is the CLIPPER like good wine?" "Because it comes from the press."

Mr. D. S. Wambold, late principal tenor with the Collins-Christy party in England, arrived in this city on the 30th ult.

Miss Mary Provost is in town, her intentions being to take things as cool as a cucumber during the "heated term." On the 31st of August, however, the lady is to commence a series of engagements already planned up to January, 1864, by a four weeks' term at St. Louis; from thence she goes to Chicago, for three weeks, commencing on Sept. 28; Indianapolis, two weeks, commencing Oct. 19; and at Cleveland, Nov. 2, for one week. Miss Provost, during her two months of retirement, will be preparing herself to appear as the heroine of several new pieces written expressly for her.

On the 2d inst. we visited Wood's Minstrel Hall to please the eye as well as the ear. On this occasion the manager promised the public a new feature in the Minstrel business, which was a Panoramic view of the North River, from Newburg to Castle Garden. The first and second parts of the evening's performances being over, wherein we had the pleasure of listening to some really enchanting singing by one of the finest quartettes in the city, and the eccentricities pertaining to negro life as represented by the sable comedians, Nelse Seymour and Charley Fox, the curtain went up, and in the second entrance and extending across the stage was a life-like representation of a steamboat, which was in waiting to take a target company home after an excursion to Newburg. The company then made their appearance in uniform, headed by the redoubtable Seymour as captain, and the rear closed by Mr. Glenn with the target. In the ranks of the "Raw Recruits" we discovered a well known and very popular leading Broadway actor who, to have a little fun, had for the nonce rubbed off the carmine and "rubbed in" the burnt cork, being "his first appearance on any stage as a member of the burnt cork fraternity." In the course of the "wind up" and during the "walk around" he distinguished himself by executing a few break down steps which caused him to measure his length on the stage. Despite his disguise, we knew him. The "Raw Recruit" act was then performed and the "Company" jumped on board the steamer for the return trip to New York. The panorama now commences to move and the paddle wheels of the steamer are seen in full motion. Correct representations of all the intermediate points from Newburg to New York are given, Steamers, sloops, market boats, (*all in motion*) pass up and down the river. Scenes on the Hudson, moonlight views, and New York by gas light, all are exceedingly well given. During the moving of the Panorama the scene is heightened by some beautiful singing by the company, several of the songs being very suggestive for the occasion. "Down the River" by the admirable quartette was exceedingly well rendered. "Seeing Nelly Home" by master Wood was very cleverly done. "Meet me by Moonlight" by Messrs. Henry and Lockwood, and "Home Again" sung when reaching New York were capitally given and received a hearty applause. The scenes are exceedingly well done and are very truthful representations of the many points of interest to be seen up the river. The illumination of the city is very cleverly done and the getting up of the whole affair reflects the highest credit on Mr. Cool White, the stage manager and interlocutor of this establishment—a gentleman who has a life-long experience in the minstrel business, and who understands not only *what* to cater for the public but one who knows *how* to carry it out in all its details. Mr. Wood is a very enterprising manager, and deserves success for this his latest "New Idea."

Business at Jane English's Theatre continues to be very encouraging to the management, so much so, in fact, that on the 3d inst. that very enterprising manageress renewed her lease of Laura Keene's Theatre for a short season longer. "The Wives of Paris" is still the principal attraction at this house, and deservedly so; for a more pleasing and varied performance than is given in the two-and-a-half hours as this house, we cannot find elsewhere in New York. The piece affords every opportunity for the very talented troupe of *artistes* engaged here, to display their abilities to the fullest extent. There is no denying the fact, that several of the ladies and gentlemen connected with this theatre are first-class artists, than whom there are no better in the country; and "The Wives of Paris" is the very piece wherein they have an opportunity of doing justice to themselves. Rosita and Alex. Zanfretta are really excellent tight rope performers, and whenever they appear and go through their performances, they are always sure to meet with very hearty applause. The sisters Marie and Auguste are growing in favor nightly with their audiences, and most deservedly; for they are very clever representatives of the art Terpsichore, and judging from the improvement already evinced since their appearance amongst us, they bid fair to become two of the most finished *artistes* that trip upon the light fantastic toe, to the delight of the old as well as the rising generation. A grand complimentary testimonial is in active preparation for the benefit of the lady manager of this establishment. The affair is fixed for Thursday, 9th inst., at which time every person connected with the building, both before and behind the curtain, have volunteered their services for this occasion, as an appreciation of a lady who, in despite of many obstacles which were placed in her way, has thus far carried on one of the leading theatres of the country, and in the most prompt manner has met and liquidated *in full* all her obligations. This, at the close of the season (and at a theatre which by previous very bad management had begun to lose favor with the public,) speaks volumes in favor of the business tact and perseverance of Mrs. Jane English. "The Wives of Paris" will continue to be played until Thursday next, when there will be an entire change in the programme, as Mrs. English is determined to offer a bill of such excellence on the occasion of her testimonial, as will ensure for her a full attendance of all those who appreciate woman's industry.

Mr. Augustus S. Pennoyer, the agent for those very clever *artistes*, the Richings, has arrived in town, after a very extended and prosperous season of ten months. His services have been secured by the management of the Arch-street Theatre, Philadelphia, where he goes as prompter, a position which he is competent to fill with credit. As such, he has had considerable experience, and is, therefore, the right man in the right place.

The dramatic season at the New Bowery came to a close on the the 4th inst., and this (Monday) evening it will be re-opened for a few weeks by the M. C. Campbell Minstrels, which is one of the best organizations extant. The quartette is very good, and the funny business is equal to that of any company now traveling. A very attractive programme is offered for the opening night, consisting of songs, both sentimental and comic, funny sayings, doings, &c. the company consists of the following sterling artists, viz.:—Ned Davis, Johnny Booker, J. H. Clifford, E. N. Slocum, J. W. Hilton, Geo. Gray, N. W. Gould, M. C. Campbell, T. Waddee, Master Eddy, J. Tarmenbaum, J. Ruigk, Sig. Ette, G. Hill, F. Edwards, L. Bonny, E. Green, and A. Sawyer..... The Campbell who directs the movements of this company is an original Campbell, of the pure stock, and one who has been connected with the profession for many years. They have just completed a tour of several months' duration, in various parts of the country, and now offer the metropolitans an opportunity to see and hear the Campbells. They will be at the New Bowery all the week.

The management of "The New Idea" have struck upon a good idea in having with commendable and liberal enterprise, secured the services of the great Martinetti Family and Troupe of Pantomimists, calculating to give the best and most popular pantomimes, ballets, and spectacular pieces in a style not to be excelled. On this (Monday) evening, July 6, the famous trick and fairy pantomime, entitled "The Green Monster and White Knight," is to be given, with new scenery, etc. The company now performing at the New Idea includes the names of Julian, Philippe, Paul, Albert, and Esther Martinetti, Mathilde Marzetti, Edouard Velarde, Virginia Chirini, Camille and Desiree Mathiew, Marietta Zanfretta, Gustavus Geary, W. B. Harrison, John Senia, David Braham, and a grand *corps de ballet*. Surely, with such attractive performances as such a talented company is competent to give, the inner temple of the New Idea should be filled at each representation, and its prosperity should be equal to that of any time while it was known as Wallack's Theatre.

Bryants' Minstrels will close their season of 1862-3 on Saturday evening, July 11, after one of the most successful campaigns known in the history of minstrelsy, the business showing an almost uninterrupted series of crowded houses for ten months; and this, too, be it understood, with an auditorium larger than usual; the hall having been enlarged previous to re-opening in the fall of 1862. The brothers Bryant have worked hard and steadily during the season about to close, and their efforts to provide a good bill of fare for their patrons have been most creditably seconded by those in their employ, from the man who helps to make the "cash" for a *finale*, behind the scenes, to the gentleman who takes the money at the little port hole in front. The ballad singer has not found it necessary to get "indisposed," neither have the funny men quarrelled among themselves, as it is too often the case in minstrel organizations. Everything has gone along as "slick as grease," and the proprietorial brothers have been enabled to lay aside a snug sum of O! be joyfuls, for that rainy day of which we hear so much.

Speaking of minstrels reminds us that we are to be invaded this week by a couple of bands of whom our city readers have heard much and seen but little. Sanford's troupe, of Philadelphia, are to occupy the Museum for a short summer season, the dramatics having gone out with the 4th of July. Mr. S. S. Sanford, the manager of the band, is one of the pioneers of minstrelsy in its present form, having been a popular manager in the business for many years, a portion of which time he occupied Sanford's Opera House, Eleventh street, Philadelphia, which place he established as a favorite public resort. Within the past year or two he has divided his time between Philadelphia and Harrisburg, while at the same time a portion of his forces were traveling through the country. He brings with him to New York a full troupe, and a large number of special acts and novelties. The other band is M. C. Campbell's Minstrels, who are to take possession of the New Bowery on the 6th of July.

Wonder if we have any of 'em now. We see that Mr. L. F. Tasistro has a new oration entitled "The Giants of America." There were giants in the days of the revolutionary struggle, and there were gigantic intellects in the land when Clay and Webster shone so resplendently in the political firmament; but it is a question whether there are "giants" in the present dark age; if Mr. Tasistro knows of any, let him show them up.

"By his attorneys," Mr. John Collins appears to have demolished all the other Duke's Mottoes, except that now meeting with such favor at Niblo's, and in which he appears himself. The law's the thing to touch the conscience of the appropriator.

The summer season at the Winter Garden under the management of Mr. Mark Smith and Miss Emily Thorne commences this evening, July 6, on which occasion the taking comedy of "Nine Points of the Law," and the farces of "Wanted a Thousand Milliners" and "Sketches in India," will be the entertainment offered. On Monday evening, 13th, a new burlesque written expressly for this theatre and taken from Miss Bateman's "Leah," will be produced here. Among the company engaged we notice the following:—Messrs. Dan Setchell, Mark Smith, A. H. Davenport, Sol Smith, Jr., T. E. Morris, Boyd, Parsloe, Miss Emily Thorne, Mrs. Mark Smith, Mrs. H. P. Grattan, Mrs. Floyd. The fall and winter season will commence on the 22d of August under the direction of Mr. James M. Nixon, who has taken it for a lengthened period. He will bring out Cubas, the Spanish *danseuse* and pantomimist, in a series of sensational dramas of the Madame Celeste school of dramatic writing.

Miss Charlotte Cushman arrived in this city last week, from Rome, *via* England. Her visit here is not a professional one, nor to look after a decayed fortune' as is intimated in a Boston paper, but is one for pleasure, to see her friends, and to enjoy the income of a well invested fortune of nearly half a million.

S. S. Sanford's Minstrels open at Barnum's Museum this, Monday, evening, with the following troupe:—Messrs. S. S. Sanford, J. Williams, F. Myers, J. L. Hall, Sanford, E. J. Turner, and E. Haven.

The attraction at Niblo's Garden continues to be "The Duke's Motto" and Mr. Collins. The very warm evenings that we have been experiencing of late and the great war excitement does not seem to interfere in the least with the attendance at this temple of the Muses. Throughout the past week the attendance on each evening was as great as during the first week the piece was produced. This is owing in a great measure not only to the superior acting of Messrs. Collins and Wheatley and the entire dramatic Company, but to the magnificent scenery and the superb appointments surrounding the piece. The theatre is one of the coolest in the city, being well ventilated from top to bottom. This alone is sufficient to attract a good attendance. Mr. Wheatley by his spirited acting, and Mr. Collins by his fine singing, continue to be the principal features of the piece and will be as long as it runs, which at the present writing promises to be for an unlimited time.

The long and much promised *debut* of Dan Bryant in a white face took place at the Winter Garden on the 2d inst. This announcement alone was sufficient guarantee that the house would be tested to its utmost capacity. It is said that over eleven hundred dollars were taken at the box office, consequently, the house must have been *rather full*. Dan appeared in the part of Handy Andy, and his rendition of it was equal to any representation that has been witnessed in this city for a long time. From his first entrance until his final exit, his performance was of that quiet, subdued, and artistic manner, which showed hard study. It was highly creditable to Dan, and drew down immense applause. At the conclusion of the piece he danced an Irish jig and gave the song of "Lanergan's Ball" with much gusto. Dan Bryant has thus proved himself to be an artist of no common order, and one who, should he deem it necessary at any future period to adopt the dramatic profession, would make his mark.

Mr. A. H. ("Dolly") Davenport made his first appearance on the Ethiopian stage at Wood's Minstrel Hall, on Wednesday evening, July 1st. The announcement of Mr. Dan Bryant's appearance on the dramatic stage, was an incentive for "Dolly," who thought that another was about to claim his birthright or "posish," and having been bantered by a few intimate friends, and a wager of $50 having been made that he would not put on the burnt cork, "Dolly" resolved to "do the deed," and thus outflank his friend Dan's *debut* just one night. "Dolly" appeared, and his success was only equalled by that of Dan Bryant in the histrionic "biz."

Barry Collins, the patter singer, wants an engagement. See advertisement.

Ladies and gentlemen desirous of studying for the dramatic profession can receive instructions of a superior order at the hands of Messrs. Conner & Co., who advertise to that effect in our paper.

The celebrated Irish comedian and very popular comic singer Mose Fisk, who is at present one of the principal attractions at Jane English's Theatre in this city, is ready to treat with managers for the coming fall and winter season. Address his agents, Messrs. Jas. Conner & Co., Houston street.

At Hooley's Opera House, Brooklyn, two performances were given on the 4th inst., and at each performance there was a very large attendance of the citizens of ye "City of Churches." The attractions offered this week consist of many new and funny acts, and several new songs, both sentimental and comic. Manager Hooley caters well for the Brooklynites, and is amply rewarded for his managerial exertions.

DRAMATIC.

At the New Memphis (Tenn.) Theatre, business has been so good on account of the presence of the military, that the idea entertained of closing in June has been abandoned, we are informed, and the season will continue till the beginning of August, when a respite of about a month only will be taken. Of this establishment, and the prominent ladies and gentlemen there, a Memphis paper says that "under the management of Messrs. Rayfield & Maginley, it has had a season of unparalleled prosperity. Tannehill, Grace, Pierce, Lawler, and Kames, possess talents of a very high order, while the talented and beautiful Kitty Fyffe is sure to gain the admiration of every lover of the drama. Mrs. Tannehill and Miss Carrie Lester are both gifted ladies, and should merit the approbation of all. Miss Radcliffe always sustains her part remarkably well.

Stars who desire to twinkle at the Howard Athenæum, Boston, during the fall and winter season, should observe the instructions given in Manager Willard's advertisement.

Miss Mollie Williams was "let off" at the Metropolitan, Buffalo, for the purpose of fulfilling a "star" engagement of one week at the Metropolitan, Rochester. She was the first star of the summer season at Rochester, opening there on the 29th ult., as Charlotte Cloper, in "Captain Charlotte," and in the farce of "Jenny Lind." She met with a warm reception, and made a "palpable hit." She appeared on the 30th ult. as Margery, in the "Rough Diamond," and sustained six characters in the protean farce of "In and Out of Place." She returned to the Metropolitan," Buffalo, on the 6th inst., to support Mr. J. Wilkes Booth, who is the next "star" to the Richingses.

The Metropolitan Theatre, Rochester, commenced its summer season on the 29th ult., with the following company:—Miss Mary L. Preston, Mrs. A. More, Misses Louise Selby, Marie De Vernon, Jennie White; Messrs. J. M. Charles, D. M. Thompson, C. L. Perry, Allan Halford, W. M. Lannier, J. D. Davis, J. Mathews, Henry Lenox, M. L. Hurd, G. Robinson, J. Alexander. Mollie Williams was the first "star," supported by Mr. Robert McWade.

Mr. J. Wilkes Booth is the "star" at the Metropolitan, Buffalo, this week.

Miss Jenny Parker, the well-known actress, was united in marriage, on the 16th ult., to Mr. Hale, of Brooklyn, a gentleman of means, and not a professional. This lady has retired from the profession.

The old National Theatre lot, in Washington, (D. C.), was sold on the 24th ult., under a decree of the Circuit Court of the District, for $35,000, to Mr. W. E. Spalding, owner of Grover's Theatre, now occupying the site of the old building. It is the intention of Messrs. Grover & Spalding, we understand, to enlarge the theatre by the addition of another circle to its auditorium.

Ford's new heatre, Washington, is nearly completed. It will be one of the most substantial theatrical structures in America. Its ventilation is upon an entirely novel plan, suggested by the eminent Prof. Henry, of the Smithsonian Institute.

The Webb Sisters closed a very successful two weeks' engagement at the Holliday Street Theatre, Baltimore, on the 6th inst. They were introduced to the citizens of Baltimore at the fag end of the season, and yet, within the brief period of two weeks, they have established their fame upon the enduring foundation of recognized merit. The *Telegram*, of that city, speaking of these ladies, says:—"They are, without doubt, two of the most excellent and naturally gifted young actresses before the public. Emma, the elder, inclines more to the sentimental, in the interpretation of which she manifests intelligence, pathos, and exquisite grace—a combination, it will be seen, of the highest elements of success in that line. Ada possesses unmistakable comic genius. Its fires blaze out in every look and gesture, and its impulse vitalizes her slightest movement. In *roles* where her gushing spirits—the *vivida vis animi*—find a free flow, as in the lighter walks of comedy, in burlesque, and in the unconfined field of the Protean farce, she is superior to any actress of the day. She sings with exquisite taste and feeling, and with a correctness of expression worthy of a lyric distinction."

The death of Mr. John Wood, comedian, has already been recorded in the CLIPPER, but the following letter from his last manager gives some particulars which have not appeared in print, and as it comes from one who who was with him in his last illness, we place it before our readers:—

VICTORIA, Vancouver's Island, June 3, 1863.

F. QUEEN—*Sir*:—Mr. John Wood, comedian, died in this city, on Thursday evening last, May 28, at half-past seven o'clock, of inflammatory rheumatism, and was respectably interred on Saturday afternoon, May 30, in the Episcopal Cemetery of Christ Church. The funeral service, in the church and at the grave, was read by the Rev. E. Cridge, M. A., rector of Christ Church. The funeral was attended by the professionals now in the city, and a few admirers. Mr. Wood has been under an engagement to me for the past ten months, as principal comedian for my theatre here, and at Portland, Oregon; but his sufferings from illness have been so great, that he has not been able to perform more than one fourth the time, and several times has been at the point of death. His last appearance on any stage in this world, was in the part of Swig, in the "Swiss Swains," on the occasion of my benefit, in this city, on Wednesday evening, April 22, to a brilliant audience, among whom were his Excellency, Gov. Douglas, and suite; Commodore Spencer, of the Royal Navy, and suite; His Worship, Thomas Harris, Mayor; and the members of the City Council. The dramatic troupe was weak, as I had just sent a full and efficient company over to Portland, Miss Edith Mitchell to play as the star, for a month or two, there, and at the Dalles—who, by the bye, broke her engagement at the eleventh hour, and did not go over until a month afterwards. Among the company sent to Portland were Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Waldron, Messrs. B. S. Mortimer, Pierpont Thayer, Edwin Reeves, H. P. Seelie, J. E. Myers, Charles Graham, R. Lindsay, Miss Sue Malee, and others. Owing, most probably, to the fact of my remaining here to play the Orrin Family for a month, in conjunction with the remainder of my troupe, and again to the disappointment caused by the non-arrival of Miss Mitchell, the business at Portland and the Dalles was not as good as it might have been. Business here has also been gradually fizzling out, as the transient people, who are the principal supporters of the theatre here, have nearly all left for the Carriboo mines. I am now fitting up a new opera house for the next season here, which will commence about the first of September. * * * * I send to your care a letter for Mrs. John Wood, which you will please forward to her as early as possible, and assure her that during Mr. Wood's illness, he had every attention paid to him by myself and others. On the 8th of May, I got up a complimentary benefit for Mr. Wood, but he was too ill to appear; as it was, the receipts enabled him to nearly square up his pecuniary liabilities. During his illness he constantly spoke of his wife and children, and deeply regretted that he could not hear from them. At the time he left San Francisco with me, in July last, he sent his two children (boys) on to their mother in New York, and had not heard from them or their mother up to the time of his death.

Respectfully yours,
JOHN S. POTTER,
Manager Victoria Theatre.

A communication from a correspondent dated June 30th, informs us in regard to the past and present business at the New Memphis (Tenn.) Theatre. He says:—"The New Memphis Theatre is still thriving under the management of George Rayfield. During the past two weeks the thrilling dramas of 'The Wreck Ashore,' the 'Dream at Sea,' 'Victorine,' 'Lakes of Killarney,' and 'The Warlock of the Glen,' have been the principal attractions. On looking over the Memphis bulletin, I see that the establishment has been leased by the government to Messrs. Rayfield and McDonald for another year commencing August 1, 1863. Mr. McDonald is from St. Louis, and was a silent partner during the past year. He is a gentleman who is highly esteemed in St. Louis, where, previous to his becoming a theatrical manager, he was known in the ownership of several steamboats plying in and out of St. Louis, but better known as one of the firm of McDonald and Wessills in the livery business. Since the breaking out of the present war he has made himself conspicuous as in command of the 8th Missouri regiment. Rayfield is a Baltimorean and is well known in Norfolk, Va., where he carried on business up to the time of his becoming one of the partners of the theatre one year ago. He was one of the first who greeted the old flag with cheer upon cheer when unfurled in Memphis. The citizens of Memphis are highly pleased to hear of McDonald and Rayfield having the theatre for next season, and I sincerely hope they may have the same success the coming season as the past, for they may be assured they shall have one of the finest places of amusement in the West, as the greatest attractions that the country can afford will be engaged."

A successful *debut* was made at the St. Louis Theatre on the evening of Saturday, June 27, by Mr. R. J. Morgan. From all accounts that reach us, Mr. Morgan must have achieved what very few do on a first appearance, and it would seem that he has the right kind of stuff in him, that, on the score of improvement, will lead to a greater success, and a prominent position in the dramatic world in the future. As an endorsement of the above remarks, we here quote from the St. Louis *Democrat* of June 30:—"The *debut* of Mr. R. J. Morgan at the St. Louis Theatre, last Saturday evening, in the arduous character of Sir Giles Overreach, was, in point of execution, a brilliant success. This was Mr. Morgan's first appearance upon any stage, and his success more than excelled the high expectations of those who were familiar with him as a dramatic reader. From his first entrance upon the stage, the bold, bad man, the scheming, heartless villain, stood out so prominently that the individuality of the actor was forgotten. In the fifth act, where Sir Giles discovers that his plans for the alliance of his daughter with Lovell have been baffled, and himself trapped by his tool, Marrall, the assumption of Mr. Morgan was most powerful. His style and acting are of that electric and startling character which carries an audience with him. Mr. Morgan has a good stage presence, a clear and distinct enunciation, a perfect command of himself, and walks the stage with the ease and abandon of a veteran stager. We predict for him a brilliant career in the arduous profession which he has chosen."

We are in receipt of a letter from Miss Florence Bell of Denver City in regard to an item in our paper a short time since in relation to her. The aforesaid "item" has called forth two articles from that lady which have appeared in the Denver City papers, and we now have a letter from the lady herself, wherein she states that unless it is contradicted it may do her much harm. The item was furnished us by a correspondent from that place, and if we have been misled we take much pleasure in making the *amene honorable* by making the following quotation from her letter. The lady says: "I assure you there is not one word of truth in it from beginning to end, except that I am in Denvir."

Mr. & Mrs. D. W. Waller are at present ruralizing at Martinecock, Locust Valley, L. I.

On the 26th ult., M'lle. Zavistowski took a benefit at the Nashville Theatre. Our correspondent "Delve" in a communication from that city, dated the 29th ult., says:—"'French Spy' was the piece played, and it is needless to say it was well played, for M'lle. Christine has few rivals in that play. She was well supported by Messrs. Hamilton, Allen, Everett, and Beechey. Mr. Nickinson is also playing at the same theatre..... At J. R. Allen's 'new theatre,' Nashville, Tenn., things are working swimmingly. On the 27th, Miss Mary Mitchell had a benefit, playing Capitola in the 'Hidden Hand.' Between the scenes she was called out by Mr. Allen and presented with a purse of $250, and a bouquet and holder. Miss Mitchell returned thanks in a few but appropriate words, and at their close the bouquets fell for a few minutes heavily. Miss Mitchell is highly esteemed here both for her merits as an actress and as a lady. The season closes on the 4th of July at the new theatre for repairs. In my next I will give an outline of the changes."

At Wood's Theatre, Cincinnati, Ohio, Kate Denin has been the star for the last week, being ably supported by that rising young actor, Mr. J. W. Albaugh. "Aurora Floyd" has been on the bills for several nights, and has attracted very large audiences. Miss Denin is said to make out of her character all that is possible. She is natural and touching, and gives a conception and professional finish to the part which the most dazzling neophyte could barely imitate. "East Lynne" was announced for the 1st inst.

The Richingses have been playing a very successful engagement, for this time of the year, at the Metropolitan, Buffalo. They closed there on the 4th, inst., and are now at their home in Philadelphia, where they will take a rest during the summer months.

At Pike's Opera House, Cincinnati, two dramatic performances were up for the "4th," under the management of Mr. Robert Jones.

At the Academy of Music, Cleveland, Mrs. James Dickson took her benefit on the 26th ult., to a very fair house. The performance consisted of the "Heart of Mid Lothian," Mrs. Dickson playing Madge Wildfire; then followed the pathetic but much worn out ballad of "Villikens and His Dinah;" after that "Jenny Lind," and a new farce called "Nancy Chickereed," which proved to be very successful—the prominent parts resting with Messrs. Lewis and Jeffrey, and the *beneficiare*. J. Wilkes Booth opened there in "Richard III.," on the 30th ult., to a very fine house, and made a decided impression.

Wood's Theatre, Cincinnati, closed on the 4th. It has had a successful season, and terminated with undiminished popularity.

J. H. Allen's engagement at the Howard Athenæum, Boston, closed on the 4th. His benefit took place on the 3d, and he was honored with a crowded house. This week Miss Ettie Henderson is the "star," opening on the 6th as Madeline, in the "Flower Girl," a comedy written expressly for her, and in which she is said to have achieved a series of brilliant successes abroad.

At the Boston Museum the dramatic season closed on the 4th. For the past three days Mr. Woolf's patriotic drama of "Port Royal, a Tale of the Southern Rebellion," was the attraction.

The Opera House at Norfolk, Va., is now open with a good dramatic company, under the management of Sam Glenn, with S. E. Brown as stage manager. The present is the third week of the season. In the company are the following gentlemen and ladies; Messrs. J. T. Fannin, J. De Forrest, Mulligan, Donnelly, O. B. Doud, F. L. Wise. J. G. Saville, E. W. Acker, J. Whittaker, Master Fields, Mrs. Frank Drew, Miss Agnes Vache, Mrs. M. L. Berrel, and Anna Fannin. Susan Denin is announced to appear this week as the star.

Miss Mollie Williams took a farewell benefit at the Metropolitan, Rochester, on the 3d, appearing as Nancy, in "Irish Assurance," Colin, in "Nature and Philosophy," and sustained several characters in the protean farce of the "Stratagem of an Actress."

The engagement of Mr. J. Wilkes Booth at the Cleveland Opera House, last week, was a great success. On the occasion of his benefit on the 3d, he appeared as De Moor, in "The Robbers," to an overflowing house. The season closes this week.

Mrs. Hattie Bernard took a benefit at Duffield's Theatre, Nashville, on the 1st inst.

Quite an accident occurred at the Howard Athenæum, Boston, on the evening of the 29th ult., which came near causing an actor to lose his life. In the scene of the "Duke's Device" where Mr. J. R. Allen stabs the false Duke, represented on this occasion by Mr. W. H. Collins, and as Mr. Allen gave the thrust, the sword entered Mr. Collins' side just above the hip bone, causing a very painful flesh wound, about three inches deep. The curtain was immediately dropped, and a physician summoned, who pronounced the wound not dangerous, although, had it entered two inches above, it would have caused instant death. The sword had been broken and sent to a smith to mend, and he had made the point very sharp. Mr. C. resumed his duties next evening.

At the Defiance Theatre, Cairo, Ill., business is said by a correspondent to be very good. On the 30th ult., Miss Mary McWilliams took a benefit, on which occasion she appeared as *Claude Melnotte* in "The Lady of Lyons" and Mrs. Fitzsmythe in "TheLady's Club." On this occasion Little Katy Putnam made her first appearance as Pauline in the first piece.

Mrs. Bowers produced Falconer's "Peep o' Day" at the New Chestnut, Philadelphia, last week, and it certainly created a very favorable impression. In a season of less excitement, it would have a long and successful run, but with the rebel army in the State, and thousands of the citizens flocking to the borders, it could not be expected to draw very largely. As a sensation drama, it is one of the best ever placed upon the stage, and Mrs. Bowers has achieved fresh triumphs in her splendid rendition of the heroine of the piece. It was given every evening during the week, and will be repeated the present week.

Mr. S. Hemple, comedian, is announced to perform at the Eleventh-street Opera House, Philadelphia, where Uncle Tom has just come to grief. Mr. Hemple will appear in a series of his favorite characters, opening on the 6th as Cobus, in the "Post of Honor," and "Seeing Hemple."

At Deering Hall, Portland, Maine, a correspondent informs us that business continues very good. On the 1st inst., Mrs. Annie Senter Langdon was the recipient of a benefit, on which occasion she appeared as Lady Audley in "Lady Audley's Secret" and as Katherine in "Katherine and Petruchio." A new song entitled "Naval Engagement in Casco Bay" written by Mrs. Langdon was sung by Fred McAvoy. The attendance was very large. Harry Langdon is the leading man at this establishment. "The Duke's Motto" is in active preparation. Manager Myers continues very low with the fever.

At the St. Louis Theatre, the fairy spectacle of "Seven Sisters" was produced on the 30th ult., introducing several new features. Mr. J. B. Fuller, the Champion Parlor Skater, appeared in his wonderful evolutions. Mdlle Vallee the celebrated danseuse executed the "Bayadere" Shawl Dance supported by a full *corps de ballet*. The piece is said to be well put on the stage and drawing good paying houses. Mr. J. E. Carden, the leading man of this theatre, has become quite a favorite here, and has won for himself a proud reputation.

A new play, entitled "The King's Stratagem," has been written expressly for Miss Charlotte Thompson. It is said by those who have read it, to possess deep dramatic interest, and to abound in beautiful language. It will be produced for the first time during the lady's Louisville engagement in September next.

H. G. Clarke & Co.'s company celebrated the National Birthday in Music Hall, New Haven, Conn., with "Don Cæsar de Bazan" and "Sudden Thought" in the afternoon, and "Raffaelle" and "Married Rake" in the evening, the company consisting of Harry G. Clarke, John Cooper, John McKeever, Edwin Clifton, Edward J. Adams, Harry Gordon, Daly, Stevens, Donelson, Ward, Walsh, Jeffries, Evans, Andrews, Louise Hawthorn, Louisa Carman, Miss Singleton, and Ada Clifford.

At McVicker's Theatre, Chicago, the business with Grau's Italian Opera has been falling off during their last week. M'lle. Morenzi (the favorite) was up for a benefit on the 3d inst. A grand dramatic and operatic matinee was to be given on the 4th. The stock company reappear on the 6th in "Lady Audley's Secret." Miss Jennie Hosmer, the leading lady, is announced for a benefit on the 7th. William Warren, the favorite comedian from the Boston Museum, will shortly produce several of his favorite plays there. He is announced to appear on Monday, the 13th inst.

The following interesting and additional particulars relative to the last moments of Mr. John Wood, are taken from the *Victoria Chronicle* of May 29th:—"John Wood, the great English comedian, died last evening at 7 o'clock, at the rooms of Dr. De Wolf, from the effects of laudanum. Deceased had been ill for many months, and for the past three weeks had been under the care of Dr. De Wolf, who believed that his symptoms were progressing favorably. On Wednesday evening he complained of an inability to sleep, and the doctor says that he administered a soothing powder. Yesterday morning at 10 o'clock, he was observed to be sleeping, and as he continued to slumber at four in the afternoon, he was placed in a tepid bath, but he appeared to be laboring from the effects of the fatal drug, and died in 3½ hours thereafter. By whom the laudanum was administered is not clear. The doctor says that just before he died, Mr. Wood told him that a young man named Harry Siebirt had given him two tea-spoonsful of laudanum, while the latter denies having done so, and charges that death ensued from the effects of the medicine administered by the physician. As the Coroner will probably order an investigation, we forbear comment."

Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Davenport appeared in the "Lady of Lyons," on the 4th, at Springfield, Mass.

J. Biddle's Dramatic Company commenced a short season on the 4th, at Milford, Mass., presenting the farces of "Time Tries All," and "Mr. and Mrs. White." In the company are Thos. Barry, Geo. E. Aiken, G. G. Spear, and Mr. and Mrs. Biddles. On the 6th they were to be reinforced with the faces of Mrs. J. E. Sylvester, W. W. Pratt, Walter Bend, and others. Mr. J. C. Bogle will soon join the forces, opening in St. Pierre.

Marston & Sutton's season was announced to terminate at Norwich, Ct., on the 4th.

E. W. Beattie has been engaged to join Kate Reignolds' Combination Company.

Mr. and Miss Richings have engaged to appear with them in September next, at the commencement of their operatic starring season. W. J. Hill, Charles Bartlett, and Miss Mary Wright.

For continuation of Theatrical Record, see page 102.

AMUSEMENTS.

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AT
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ASSISTED BY HER FATHER,
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CHAS. J. FYFFE,
LEADING JUVENILE, and
LIGHT COMEDY,
Will be disengaged after July 4th. Managers desiring his services will please address
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Box 785 Springfield, Ill.

MISS ELISE DE COURCY, having concluded a highly successful engagement at Liverpool, appearing in such characters as Don Cæsar, in "Don Cæsar de Bazan," Louis and Fabien, in the "Corsican Brothers," —"Satan in Paris," and in "Aurora Floyd," will shortly arrive in this country. Managers wishing to engage the services of this lady for next season, will address WM. J. MARSHALL, Agent for MISS DE COURCY, CLIPPER office. 11-tf

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